

The Athenian Mercury.

Tuesday, December 31. 1695.

Poetical Mercury.

O N

Christmas Day 1695.

Part of the *Benedictus*, Luk. 1. 68.

He takes his *tuneful Harp*, runs o're th' *instructed* strings,
And full of God, amidst th' *admiring Crowd* he sings.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he
hath visited and redeemed his people.

That we shou'd be sav'd from our *En-*
mies, and from the *Hands* of all that hate
us.

To perform the *mercy* promis'd to our
Forefathers, and to remember his *Holy Co-*
venant.

To perform the *Oath* which he swore to
our *Forefather Abraham*.

Gen. 22. 16, 17. 'He said, by my self
'have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because
thou hast done this thing, and hast not with-
held thy Son, thine only Son.

That in *Blessing* I will bless thee, and in
multiplying I will multiply thy *Seed* as the
Stars of Heaven, and as the *Sand* which is
upon the *Sea-shore*, and in thy *Seed* shall all
the *Nations of the Earth* be blessed.

And thy *Seed* shall possess the *Gates* of his
Enemies.

That we being delivered out of the hands
of our *Enemies*, might serve him without
Fear.

In *Holiness* and *Righteousness* before
him all the days of our *Life*.

O Ever Blest ! What blessings shall we pay
Thy truth ! Thy Power for this *triumphant Day* ?
Their grateful Heart and Voice let *Israel* raise,
And Glory in their *great Redeemer's* praise.
The *Saviour* comes, of *David's* sacred Line

[So oft of old in *Songs Divine*.

Him *hoary Patriarchs* saw and did *Desire*;
Him holy *Prophets* fill'd with *Sacred Fire*.
From *Heaven* lov'd *Enoch*, * whose prophetic Eye,
Thro' many a distant rolling age cou'd spy,
To him who last did on the stage appear,
And saw and hail'd his glorious *Reign* * so near.

* Vid. E-
pist. Juda.

* Malachy.

Soon shall the expected *future age* begin,
The *Saviour* soon shall trample *Death*, and sin,
(The last the greater *Foe*) our chains unbind,
And *Vindicate* the *Freedom* of *Mankind*.

Eternal as himself his *Truth's* secure,
When aged *Nature* sinks his *mercy* shall endure.

He will not, cannot fail his promis'd *Grace*

To the great *Founder* of our *sacred Race*.

By his dread self he swore, who can't *Repent*;

He swore, and nodding shook the *Firmament*.

'*Abraham* ! He said, to my firm word attend,

' My best, my truest *Servant*, and my *Friend*.

' Thou didst not thy lov'd *Son* in vain resign ;

' Me thou thy *Isaac* gavest, I'll give thee *mine*.

' See where from thee, in *decent order* springs,

' A glorious, and a numerous *Race* of *Kings*.

' Last, that *Great King* whose *Empire* ne're sh. *Decase*,

' The *King* of *Glory*, yet the *Prince* of *Peace*,

' Whose easy yoke shall numerous subjects gain,

' Who far as *Earth's* wide outstretcht bounds sh

' Mild to his *Friends* ; tho terrible to those

' Who so much *Goodness* dare, and *Power*, oppose

' He shoots in *vengeance* on his dazzled *Foes*,

' *Protects* his own, wide shakes his *Iron Rod*,

' Whilest all obey the *King*, adore the *God*.

Thus the all high, and thence in *Thunder* went ;

Low kneel'd our *faithful* *fre*, and pay'd his *full assent* ;

And now time *Labours* with the *vast Event* ;

Soon shall the *hop'd Salvation* now appear,

And banish *Guilt* at once, and banish *Fear*,

Goodness encrease and *Equity* o're flow,

Unite both *Worlds*, and make a *Heaven* below :

For the *Athenians*.

Gentlemen, the following words made on a Medal in France, on
that Kings, taking *Mons*; on one side the Medal the wings of a
Dove over-shadowing K. 7. The Reverse was K. Lewis, with a
Thunder-

Thunder-bolt in his Hand levelled at Mons, done
into *English* by a Friend of mine, who, I believe, writ
what comes last, by way of Answer, (for that I found
it in his Study) he being once very warmly Affected
to the present Government.

*Proximus & similis Regnas Lodovico Tonanti,
Vim summam, summa cum Pietate geris,
Optimus exponis alis sed maximus armis
Protegis hinc Anglo's, Teutonas inde feris;
Quin coeant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa aquilam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet.*

Done into *English* thus.

Next and most like the Thunderer thou dost reign,
Great valour dost with piety maintain,
Thy outstretcht wings thy goodness do declare;
Thy greatness shews it self in feats of war;
One shelter does to injur'd Britain bring,
T'other to Flanders proves a fatal sting.
Altho the Titans League o're all the Rhine,
In vain against thy mighty arm combine,
With them we only a lame eagle find,
But France in dreadful Thunder speaks her mind.

Quest. 1. I would fain know how you like these following lines, the greatest fault I find is that they seem to be brought to an end a little abruptly, and if you and I are of a mind, wish that you would in your next Mercury direct the Author to add a few more lines before the last 4. I beg you'll let me know in your next Mercury, that you excuse this trouble given you by, Your already obliged Servant.

When Golden Thunder-bolts are in thy hand,
The Terror of thy arms who can withstand?
But sure thy Magazine at last grows low
Or else a Bolt at daring Baden throw,
Or toward Namur which loud for Succour calls,
'Gainst Williams Thunder which now rends her walls,
Fly with relief swift as thy Fancied Dove,
Then change thy shape and shew a Thundering Jove;
This done thy formidable Fleet convey,
Out of Thoulon Command they scour the Sea,
Then t'other Trip to Barcelona take,
And don't for ever that dear Town forsake;
Thus will thy title soon determin'd be
Lord of the Land and Tyrant of the Sea.
No, No, Sham Thunderer 'tis all too late,
Behold and tremble at impending fate,
To prop thy ambition long thou'lt vainly strove,
Thy self like Titan, but thy Foe like Jove.
Yet faithless prince at length thou'lt be repaid,
For murder'd subjects and for friends betray'd,
Behold from Williams hand thy approach'd fall,
See, tho too late, to shun Perfidious Gaul:
Behold a greater Thunderer than thou, K. W.
Fresh verdant Lawrels budding round his brow.
While on thy Temples wither'd leaves appear,
Sure sign the Winter of thy Grandeur's near.

* We profess ingenuously we can't tell whether he has stole from us, or we from him. Tho we suspect the latter. Should be a scourge to quell Tyrannick rage,

Who should gain the golden age restore,
In more perfection than it knew before;
Behind his shield should shelter'd Nations fight,
While he asserted injur'd Europe's right;
Whose power should know no limits or Controul,
His bounds extensive as his mighty Soul;
From the Sun rising to the distant room
Where ancient might does the bright Stars entomb,
And where with burning beams the midday Sun,
O're the scorcht Africans do's panting run;
And where Eternal Winter Reigns as King,
Holding no Commerce with the kinder Spring.
Long may he live and always in our love,
And enter late the blest abodes above,
The Crown be wore by him, or such as he,
Till time be swallow'd in Eternity.

Ans^r. The Latin verses we formerly met with, and Printed. As for your Friends in *English* which you've be so kind to send us, we are so far from thinking they end abruptly, that if there were half a score less of 'em they'd be ne're the worse, tho there are indeed a pretty many good thoughts, and very noble Lines in 'em, as well as good verse. And some again as indifferent, as if they had been just coin'd at Athens.

Advertisements.

AT Martins Coffee-house, over-against St. Lawrence's Church, near Guild-hall, London, will be Sold by Auction, a choice Collection of Valuable Latin and English Books, consisting of Divinity, History, Philosophy, Lives, Poetry, &c. Beginning on Thursday the 2d of January at three in the afternoon, and so daily till all be Sold. Catalogues may be had Gratis at Mr. Wottons, at the three Daggers in Fleet-street, and Mr. Chandler at the Peacock in the Poultry (Bookfellers) and at the place of Sale, where the Books may be view'd two days before the Sale.

ELIXIR STOMACHICUM: Or the great Cordial Elixir for the Stomach, of a delicate flavour and pleasant (tho' bitterish) Taste, to be drank at any time, but especially in a Morning in any Liqueur, as Ale, Tea, Canary, &c. Which for the Scurvy, to purify the Blood, expel Wind, for all Indispositions of the Stomach; as want of Appetite, Sickness, &c. for Vapours in Women, and three other most certain Vertues mentioned in the Bills sold with it, and to be had gratis at the Places where 'tis sold; excels any one Medicine ever made publick to the World; and of such Excellency and usefulness for all Persons, as never to be without it about them. 'Tis sold by some one Bookseller in most Cities and many great Towns in England. By Mr. Levingston, Fruiterer, at the Royal-Exchange-Gate; and at the most eminent Coffee-Houses, in or about London. Also by John Harris at the Harrow in Little-britain; John Duntun at the Raven in Jewen-street, S. Howkins in George-yard in Lombard street, Hugh Newman in the Poultry, H. Rhodes, at the Star in Fleet-street, Bookfellers. The Author having appointed the three last only (besides himself) to sell it by Wholesale. Any Person wanting it to dispose of or sell again, may be there furnish'd with Allowance for selling. Price one Shilling each bottle, Retail.